

kill the tree, and after a time the bark  
grows over much  
of the uncovered portion of the trunk, only a  
scar being  
left.

At sunset that evening 800 sheep were  
driven into  
the village sheepfold just below the roof on  
which my  
tent was pitched, and it was a very  
picturesque scene,  
men pushing their way through them to find  
their own  
sheep by ear-mark, women with 'difficulty  
milking ewes  
here and there, big dogs barking furiously  
from the roofs  
above, and all the sheep bleating at once. In  
winter they  
are all housed and hand fed. The snow  
lies six feet  
deep, and Ghazit can communicate neither  
with Bitlis  
nor Van. It is the " milk of the flocks " which  
is prized.  
Cows' milk is thought but little of. I made  
my supper  
of one of the great articles of diet in  
Turkey, boiled  
cracked wheat, sugar, and *yokoort*, artificially  
soured milk,  
looking like whipped cream.

I was glad to escape to my tent from the  
heat and  
odours of the *odah*, even though I had to walk  
over sheep's  
backs to get up to the roof. I had a guard of  
two men,  
and eight more armed with useless  
matchlock guns  
watched the sheepfold. I was awakened by a  
tremendous  
noise, the barking of infuriated dogs close to  
me, the  
clashing of arms and the shouts of men,  
mixed up with  
the rapid firing of guns not far off on the  
mountain side,  
so near, indeed, that I could see the flashes.  
It was a  
Kurdish alarm, but nothing came of it. A  
village which  
we passed a few hours later was robbed of  
600 sheep,

however.

Leaving beautiful Ghazit before the sun  
rose upon it  
the next morning, we spent some hours in  
skirting the  
lake, and in crossing elevated passes and  
following paths  
along hillsides covered with oaks, the russet  
leaves of  
which are being cut for winter "keep,"  
The dwarf  
juniper is also abundant. After crossing a  
pass on the